Now if you are a maide, answer to this.
Hero. I talkt with no man at that hower my lord.
Prince Why then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sory you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Counte
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeede most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.
Iohn Fie, fie, they are not to be named my lord,
Not to be spoke of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty lady,
I am sory for thy much misgouernement.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bin,
If halfe thy outward graces had bin placed,
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impietie, and impious puritie,
For thee ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-liddes shall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beautie into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.
Leonato Hath no mans dagger here a point for me.
Beatrice Why how now cosin, wherfore sinke you down?
Bastard Come let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.
Benedicke How doth the Lady?
Beatrice Dead I thinke, help vncle,
Hero, why Hero, vncle, signior Benedicke, Frier.
Leonato O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for.
Beatrice How now cosin Hero?
Frier Haue comfort lady.
Leonato Dost thou looke vp?

Frier

Frier Yea, wherefore should she
Leonato Wherfore? why doth n
Cry shame vpon her? could she he
The story that is printed in her blo
Do not liue Hero, do not ope thin
For did I thinke thou wouldst not
Thought I thy spirites were strong
My selfe would on the rereward o
Strike at thy life. Grieued I I had
Chid I for that at frugall Natures f
O one too much by thee: why had
Why euer wast thou louely in my
Why had I not with charitable ha
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my g
Who smirched thus, and mired wi
I might haue said, no part of it is n
This shame deriues it selfe from v
But mine and mine I loued, and n
And mine that I was prowd on m
That I my selfe, was to my selfe n
Valewing of her, why she, O she i
Into a pit of incke, that the wide s
Hath drops too few to wash her
And salt too little, which may seas
To her foule tainted flesh.
Ben. Sir, sir, be patient, for my
der, I know not what to say.
Beat. O on my soule my cosin
Bene. Lady, were you her bedf
Beat. No truly, not although v
I haue this twelue month bin her
Leon. Confirmd, confirmd, O
Which was before bard vp with
Would the two princes lie, and Cl
Who loued her so, that speaking
Washt it with teares hence from
Frier Heare me a little, for I ha
giuen way vnto this course of fort
haue markt,